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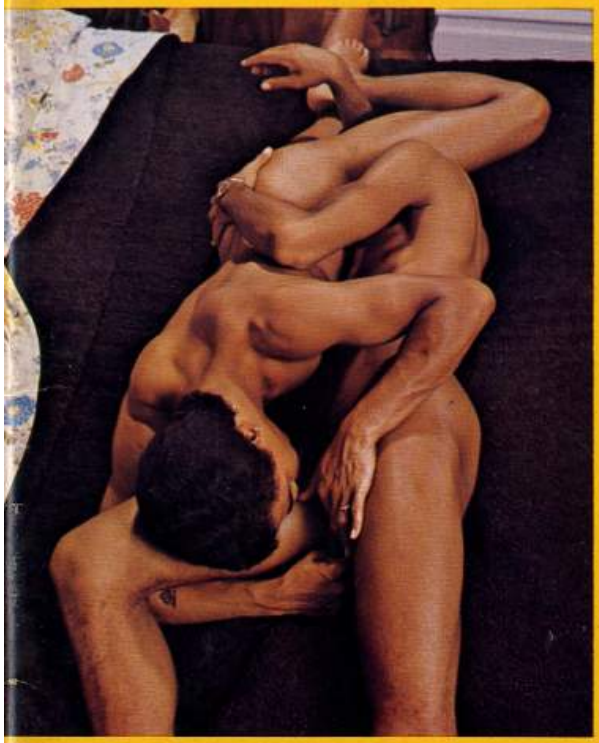

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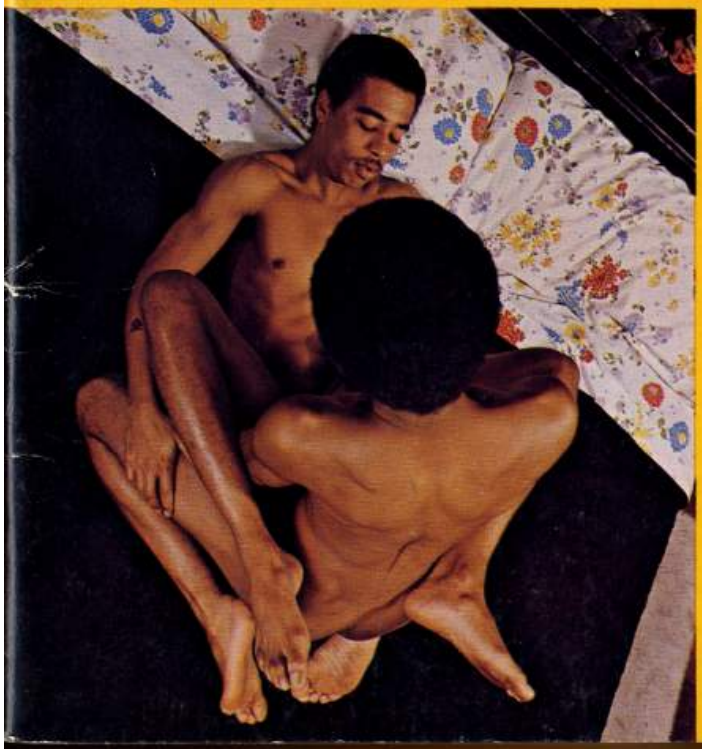

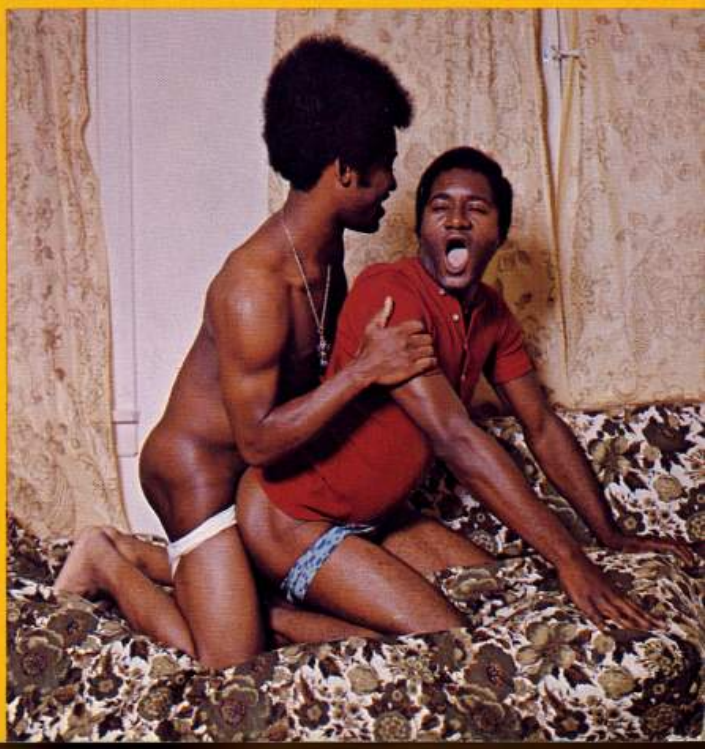

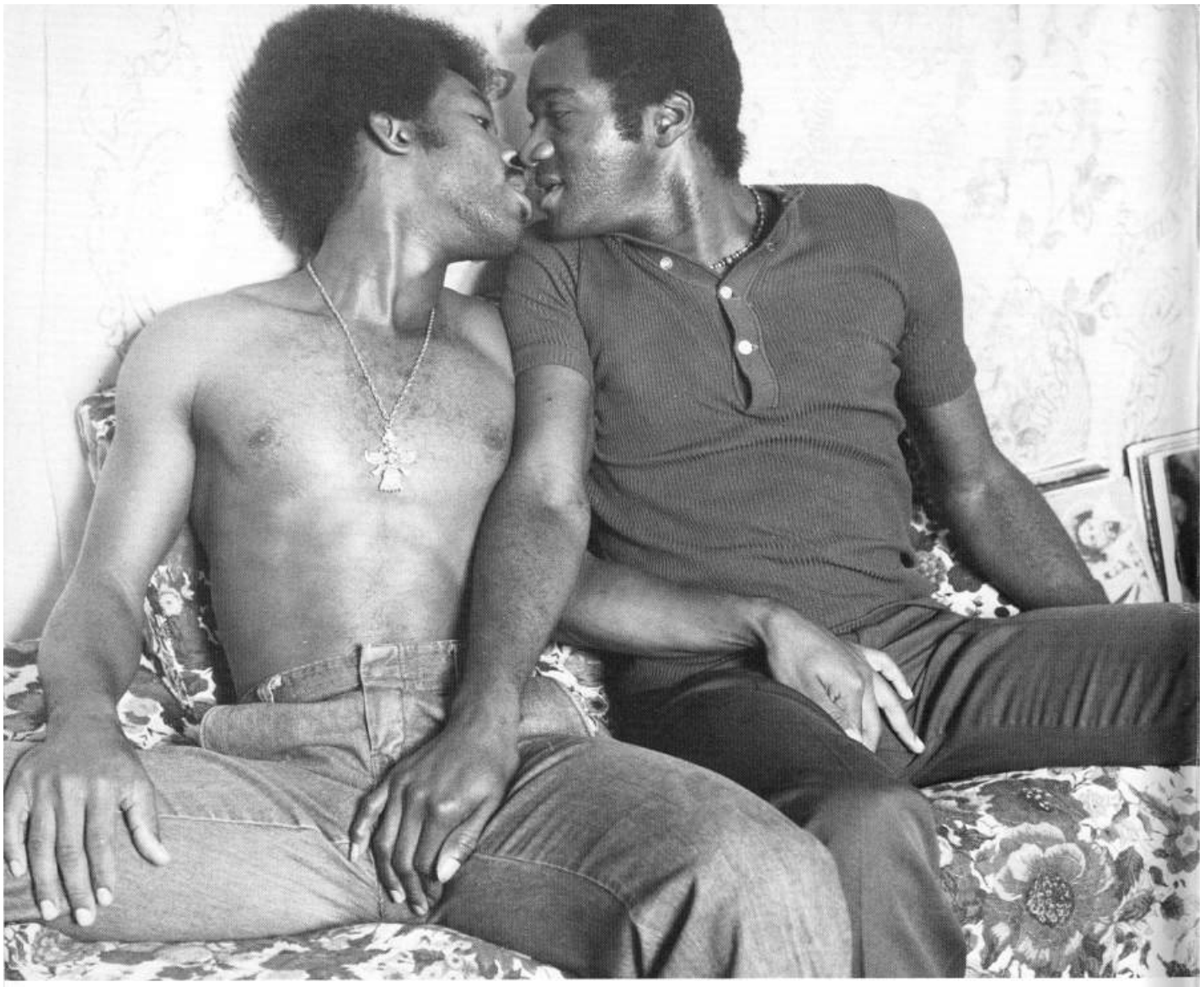

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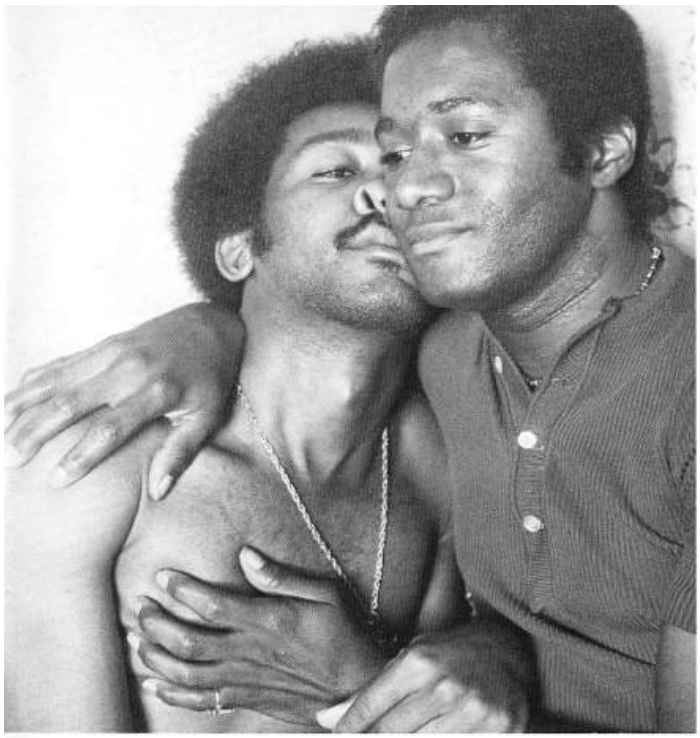
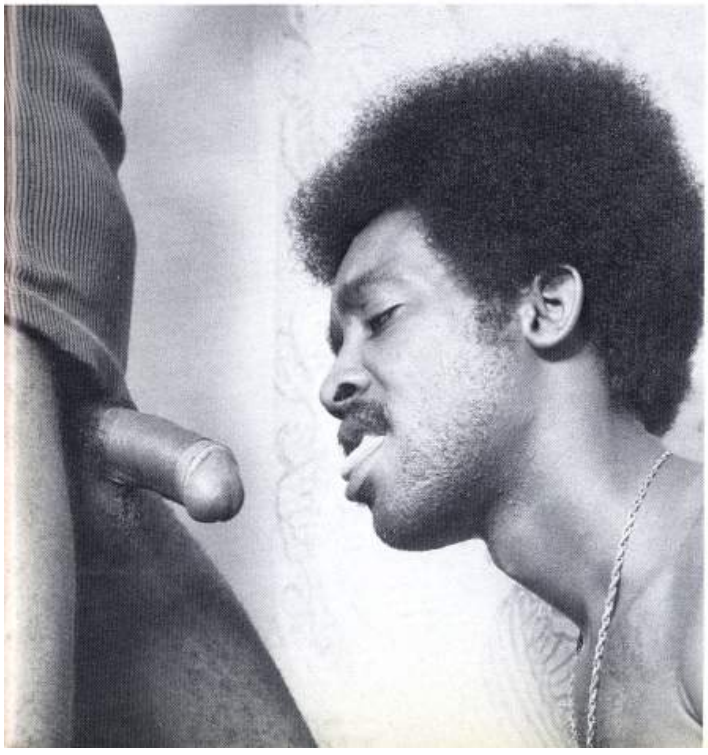
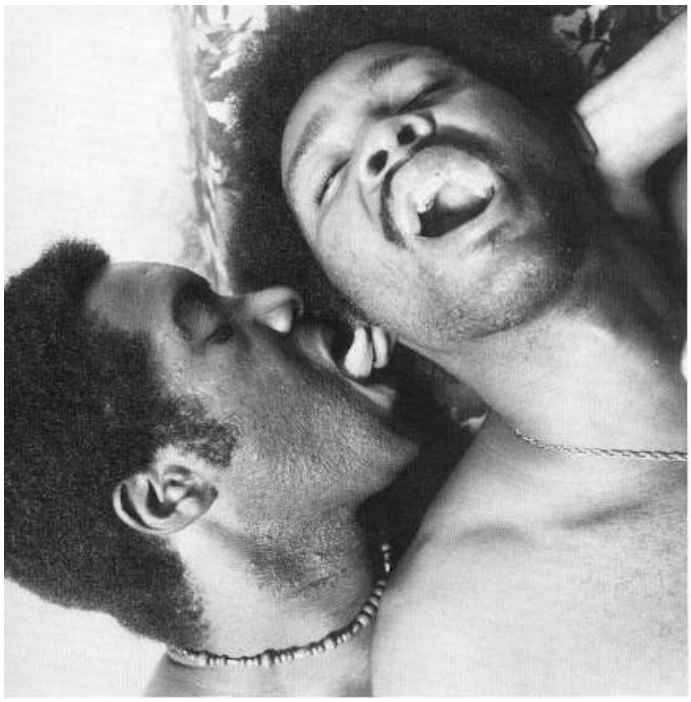


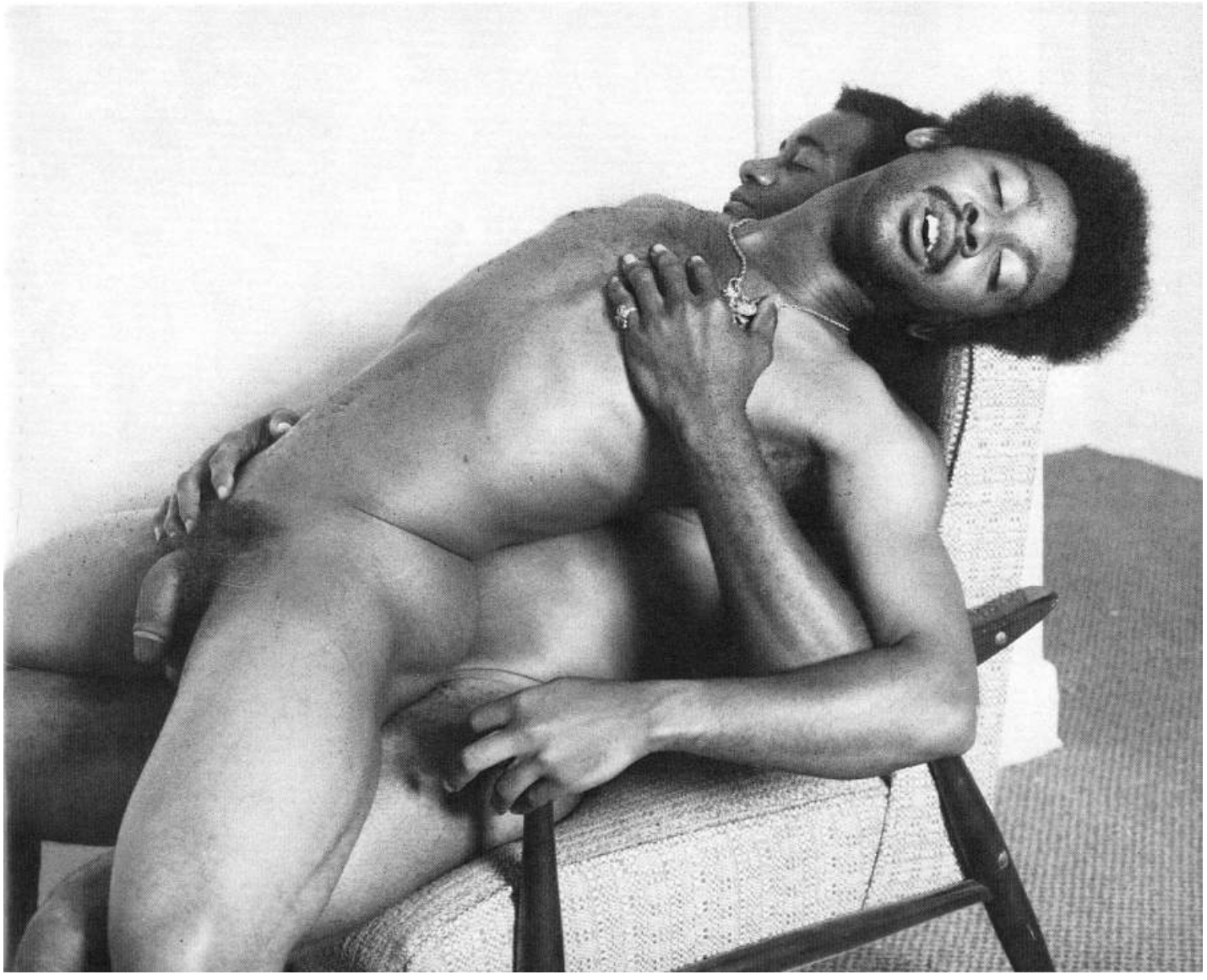
For a whitey who isn't supposed to be prejudiced, Professor Gregg has some funny ways. When a man says, "Some of my best friends are negro," and you think he's looking right at you when he says it, then you know what he means - he hates each and every student who hasn't lilly white skin. I was in college at a time when no black man could aspire higher than porter on a passenger train. There were about five of us on the whole campus, and one was the janitor. I guess the reason we had gotten into the place was so it would not look completely pale.

My mother was the one who made me study, getting good grades made her happy and I wanted to make her happy. And the reason I wanted to succeed was not just her, but me. I wanted to be somebody.



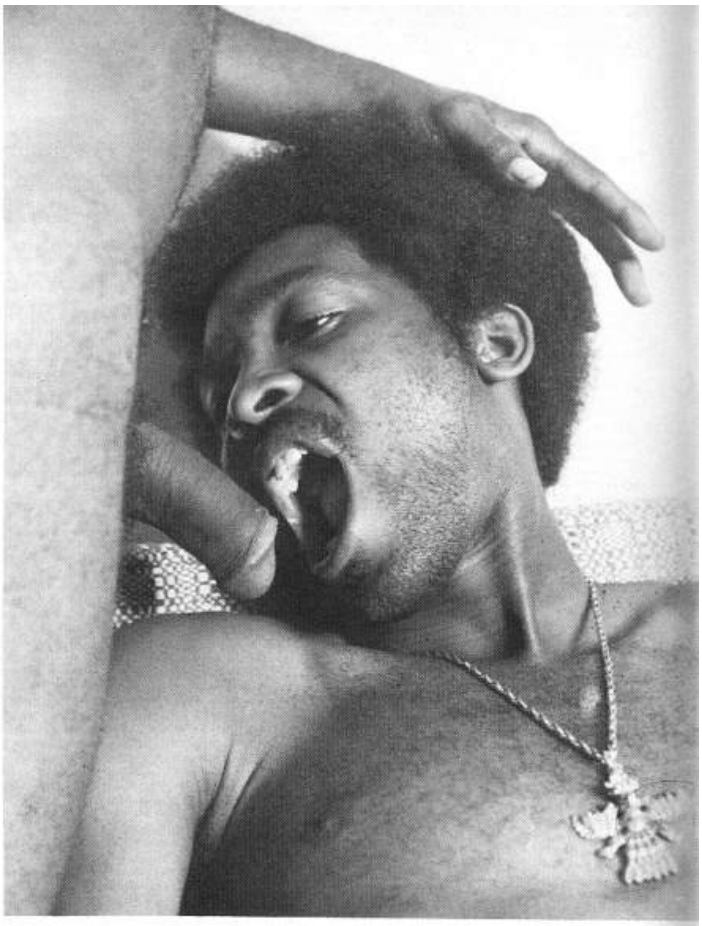


We could not just take the subjects that we planned to make a living from, the college insisted that we had a well rounded education, so there we were studying Socrates, Plato, Word Derivation and Theater Arts. Wendell and I were the only two men in the Theater Arts Department who could play Othello without putting on makeup. I was the one that got to play the part, I can remember yet the way the director worried about the scene in which I was to kiss Desdemona. Hell, the white actress minded a lot less than he did.
But it is Wendell I want to tell you about. If I was smart, he was smarter. I had to work hard for my grades, but for him it was alot easier.



Between the racial slurs from Professor Gragg and the unkind jeers and laughter I got from the white students, I was doing very poorly and getting nowhere fast. A failing grade meant that my scholarship would be withdrawn and I would be out on my ass. No diploma and certainly no chance for a better job with a future. That is about when I looked around for help and that is when Wendell and I got together.
I lived with my folks, but Wendell lived in a rented room near the campus. When I asked if I could come over so that he could give some help with my studies, he looked at me in silence for a while and then said I could. I wondered about that pause. It bothered me. Maybe he thought I was too dumb to be helped–hell, one black man doesn't have to like another or maybe I was just imagining things.

Well, I decided to go ahead and see if Wendell could help me, so I went over to his room burdened with the "Dialogues of Plato" and a lot of questions. Plato was Greek to me. I fould Wendell to be even more helpful than I could have imagined, he answered all of my questions in a clear and concise manner which made philosophy easier for me to understand than ever before. His soft, sexy eyes were on me as we sat on the front porch of his rooming house drinking beers and discussing Plato's Symposium. I read out loud, stumbling over names I could hardly pronounce; "This friends, is my praise of Socrates. I have added my blame of him for his ill-treatment of me; and he has ill-treated not only me, but Charmides the son of Glaucon, and Euthydemus the son of Diocles – and many others in the same way – beginning as their lover he has ended



by making them pay their addresses to him . . ."
I looked up at Wendell and asked what
Alcibiades had meant by that. Wheat kind of
love did he mean? Wendell laughed at that.
Not a loud laugh or a "put down" laugh. He
was seated near me and now he put his
face near mine. After looking into my eyes
for a moment, he said that we should
go inside to his room, and taking my hand
he led me up the stairs.

As soon as the door was closed behind us in his room, Wendell kissed me full on the lips, his soft hands caressed my legs. I felt a surging passion as my penis grew hard, bursting out of my shorts. What happened next was as natural and wonderful a feeling as I had ever known. Working gently, Wendell freed my prick and pulled it out. For a moment he just stared at it then it was in his mouth. I could feel him as he gently sucked, moving his head up and down. Once he removed his mouth completely as he looked up at me from his kneeling position, smiling at the secret pleasure.

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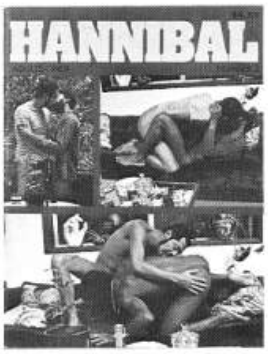

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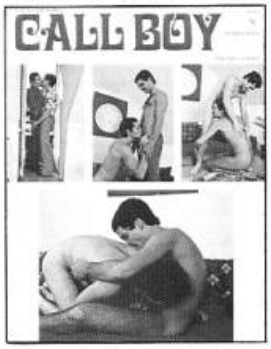

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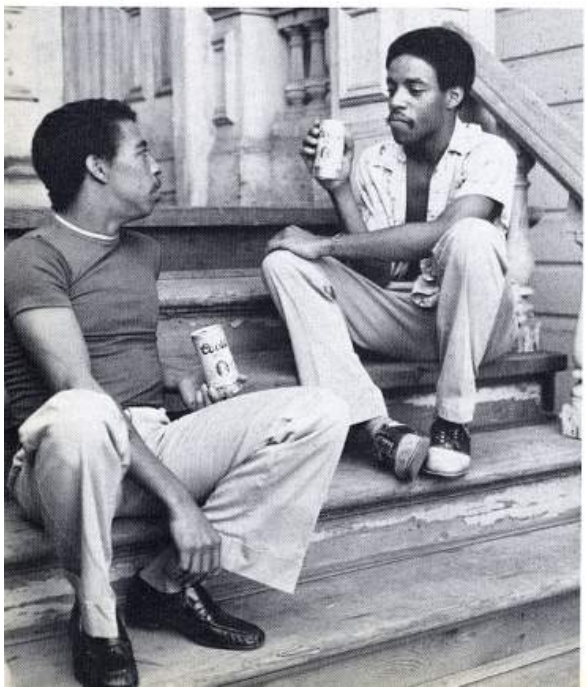
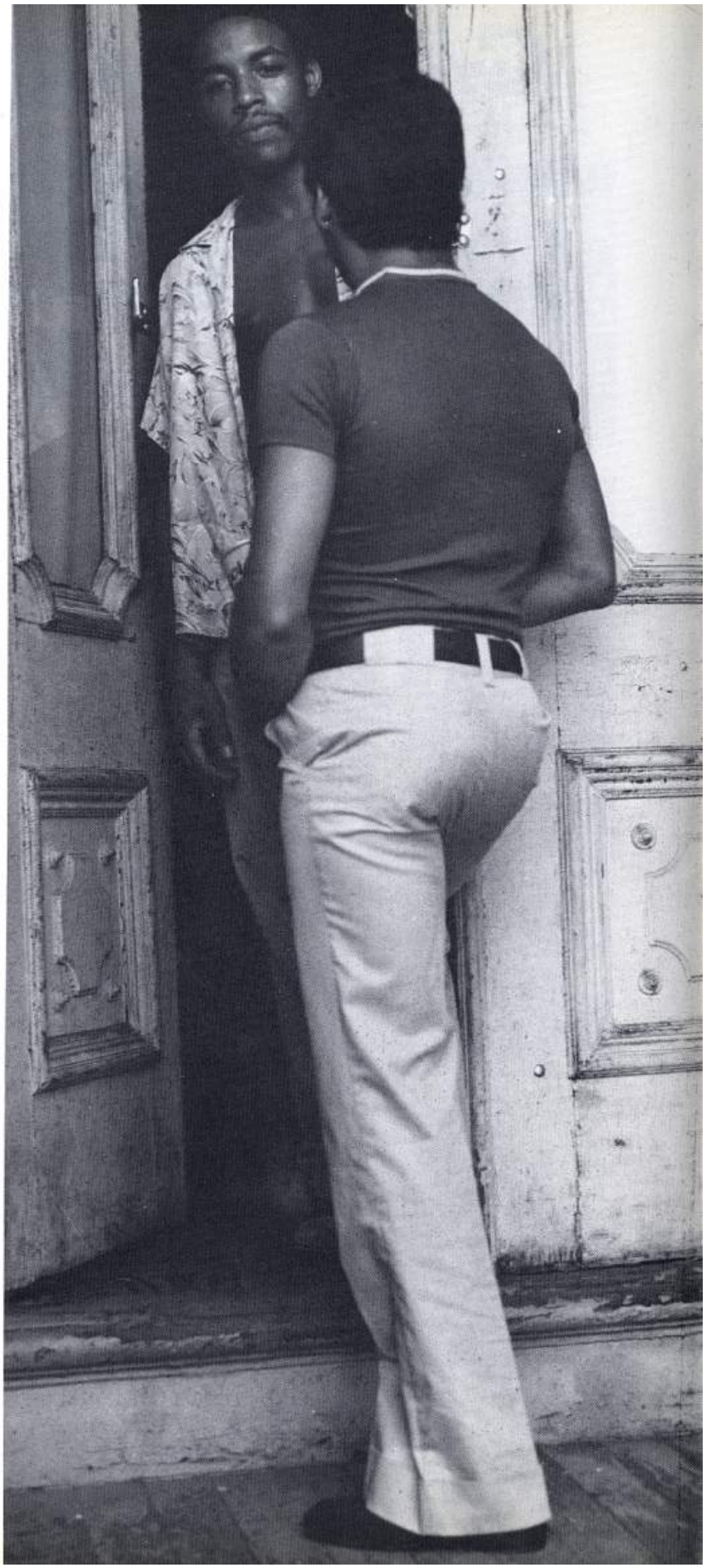
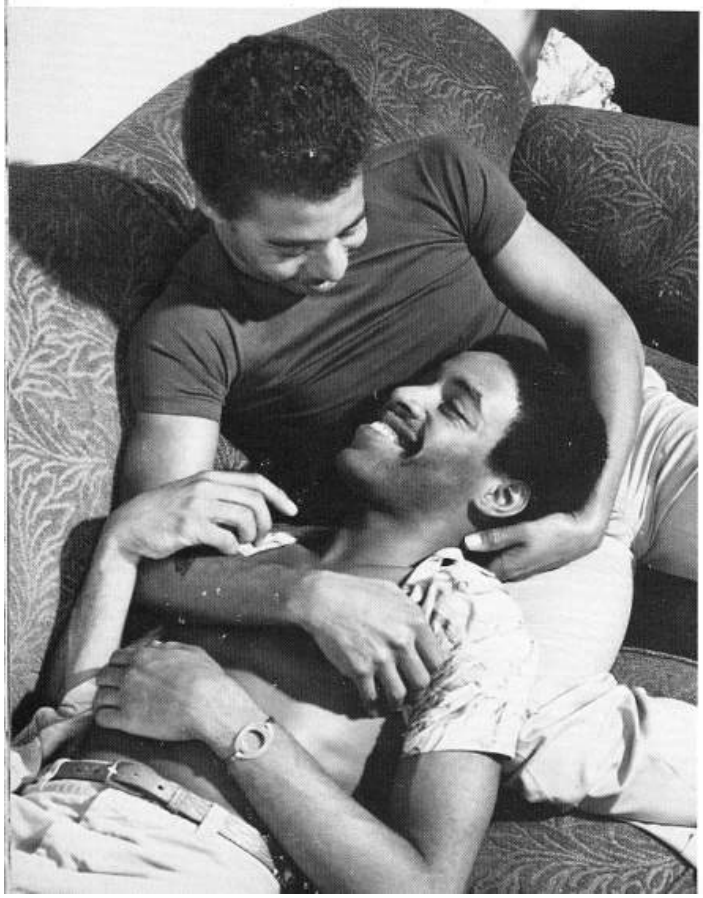
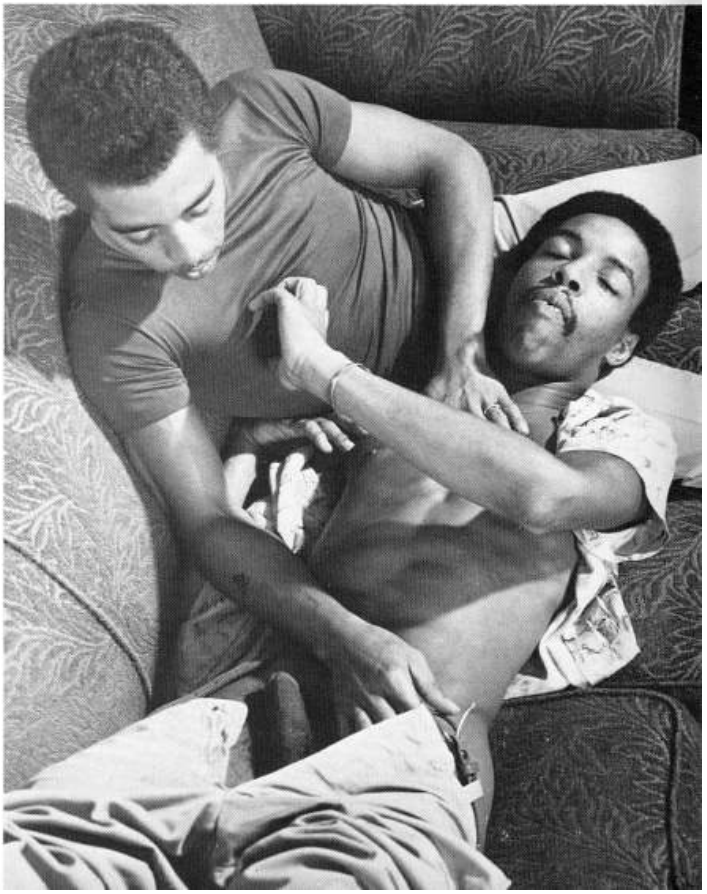
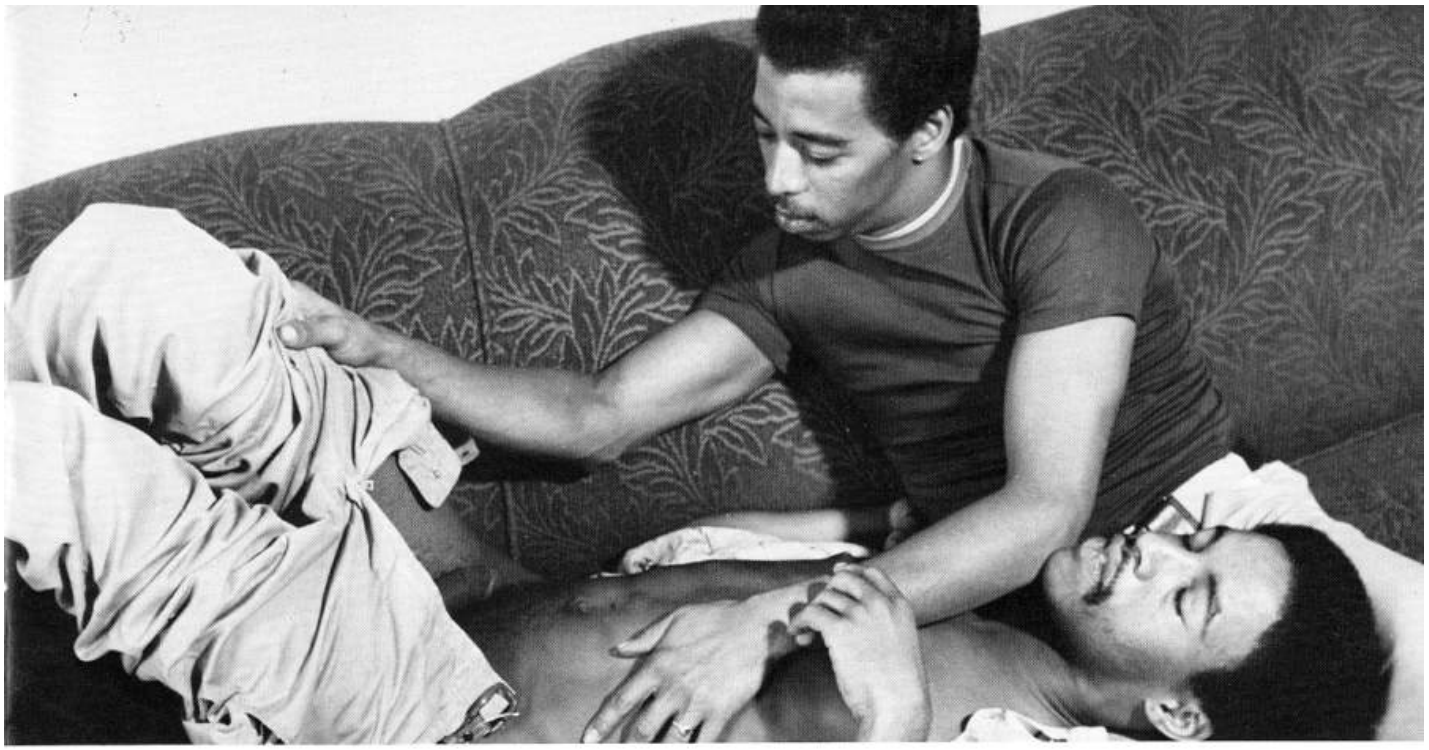
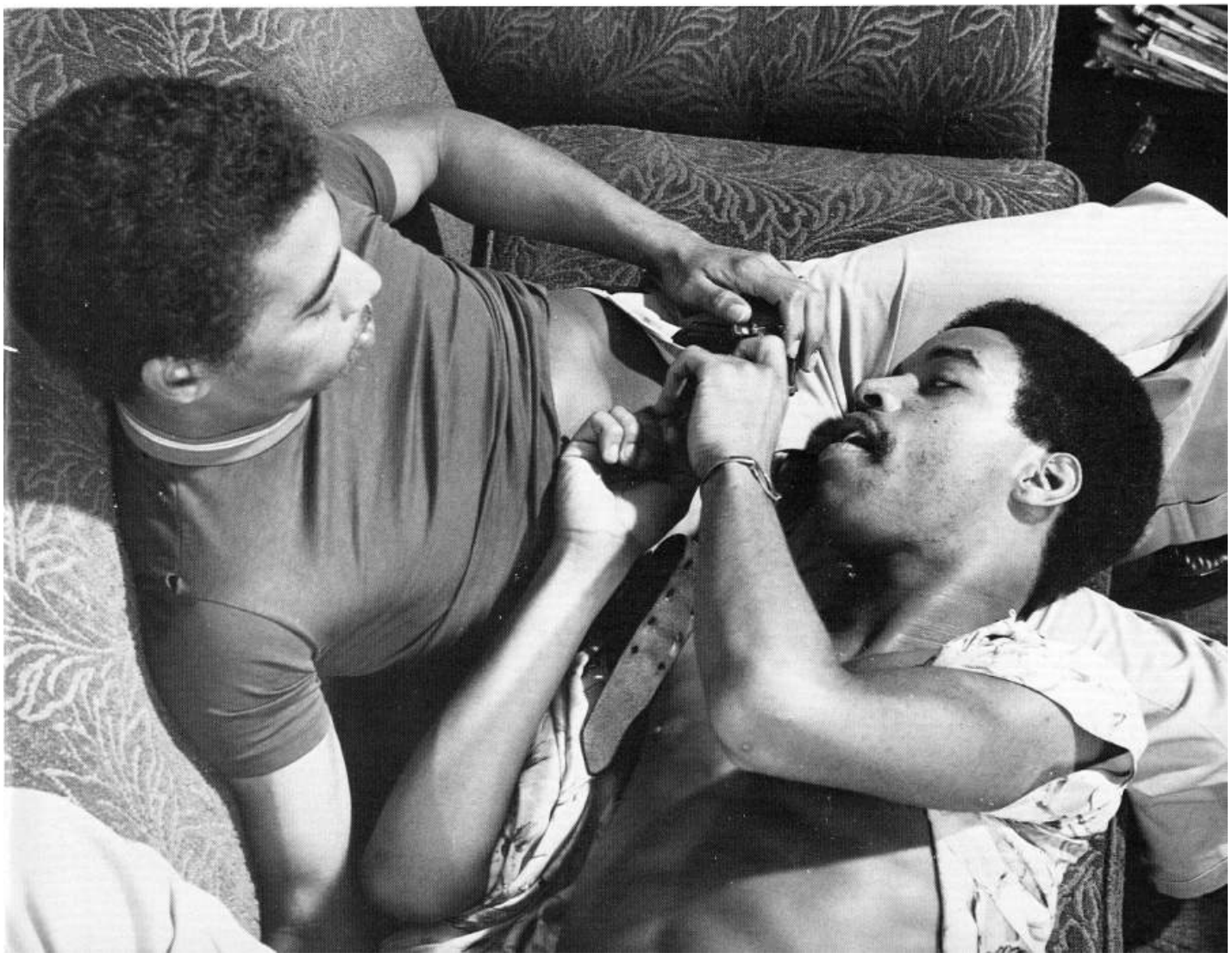


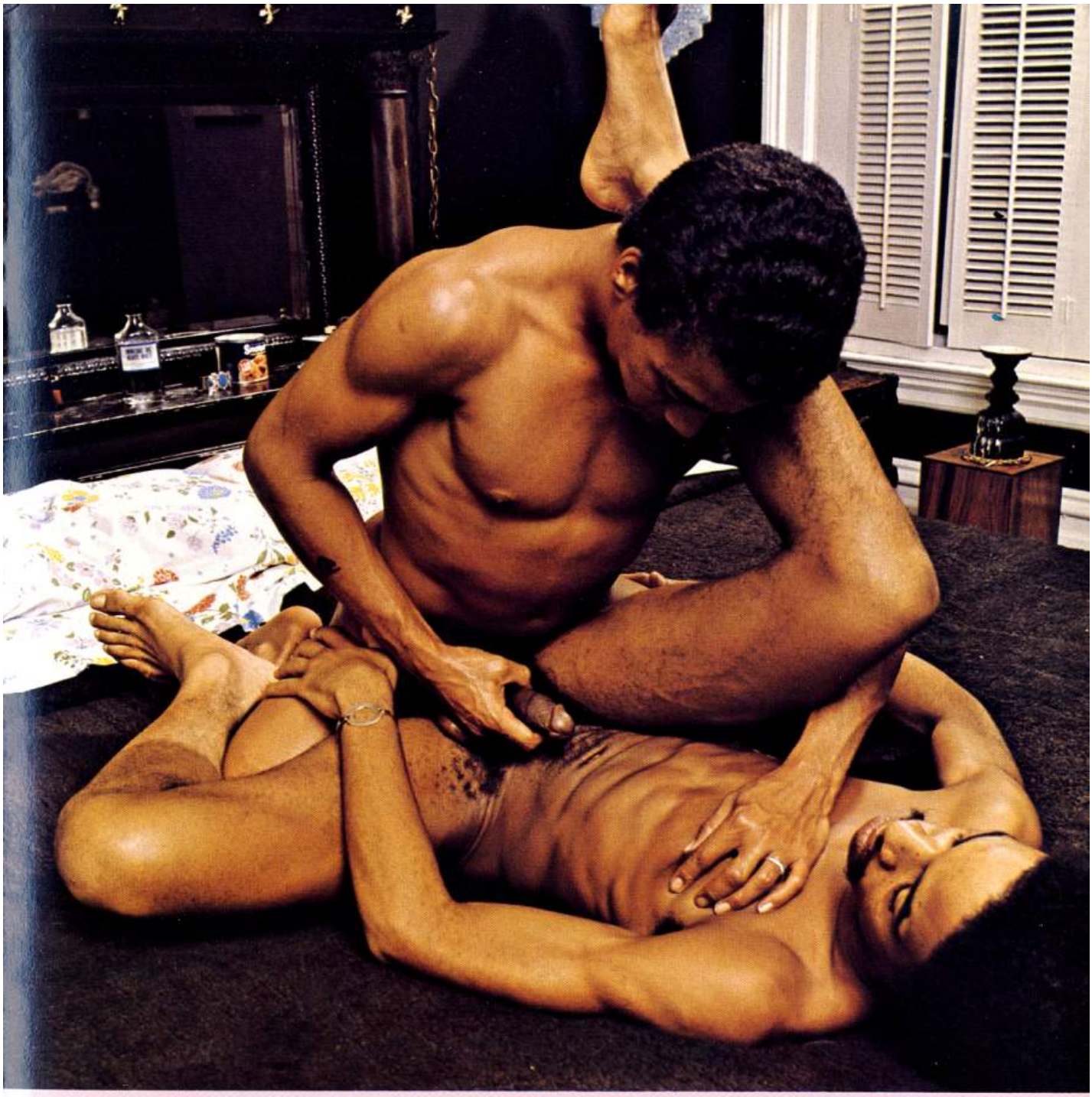




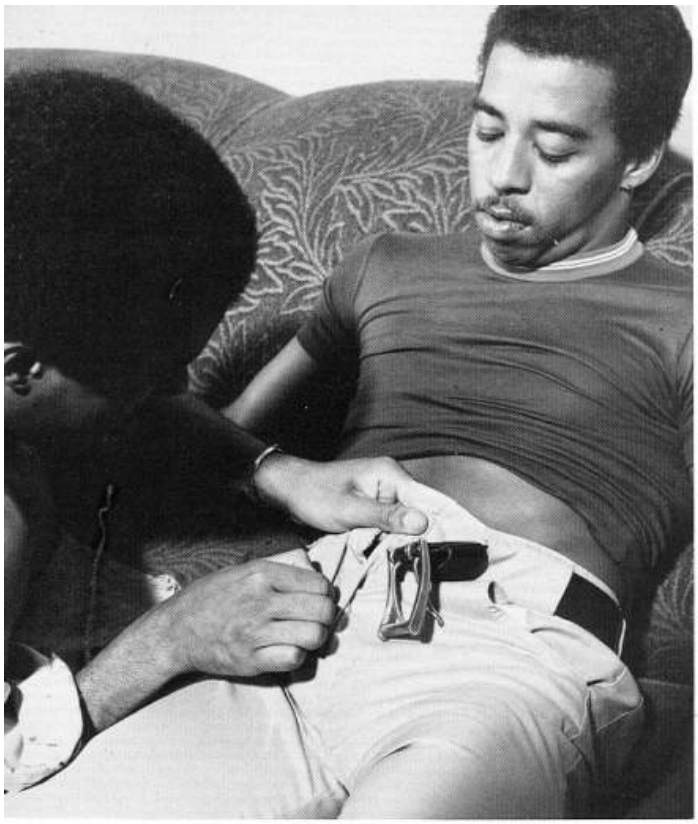




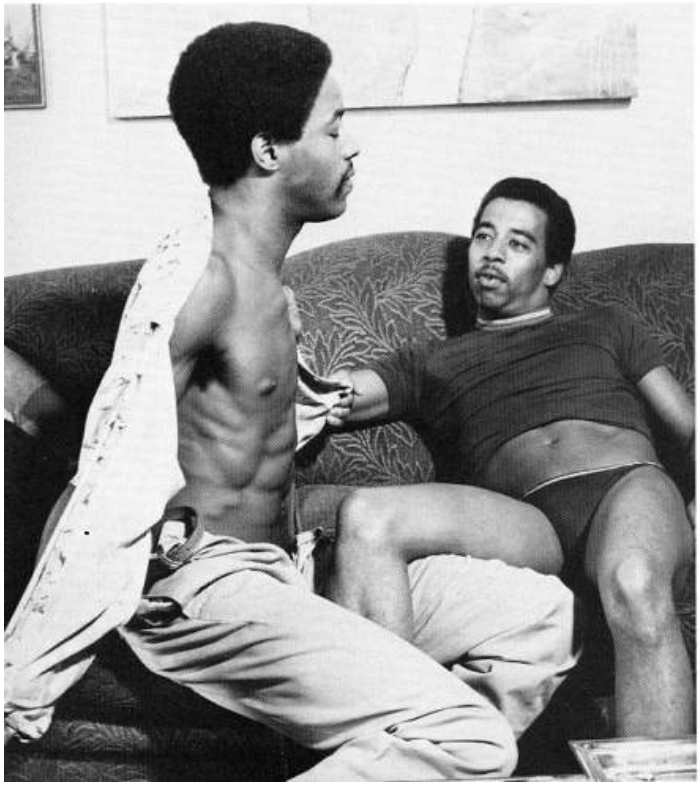


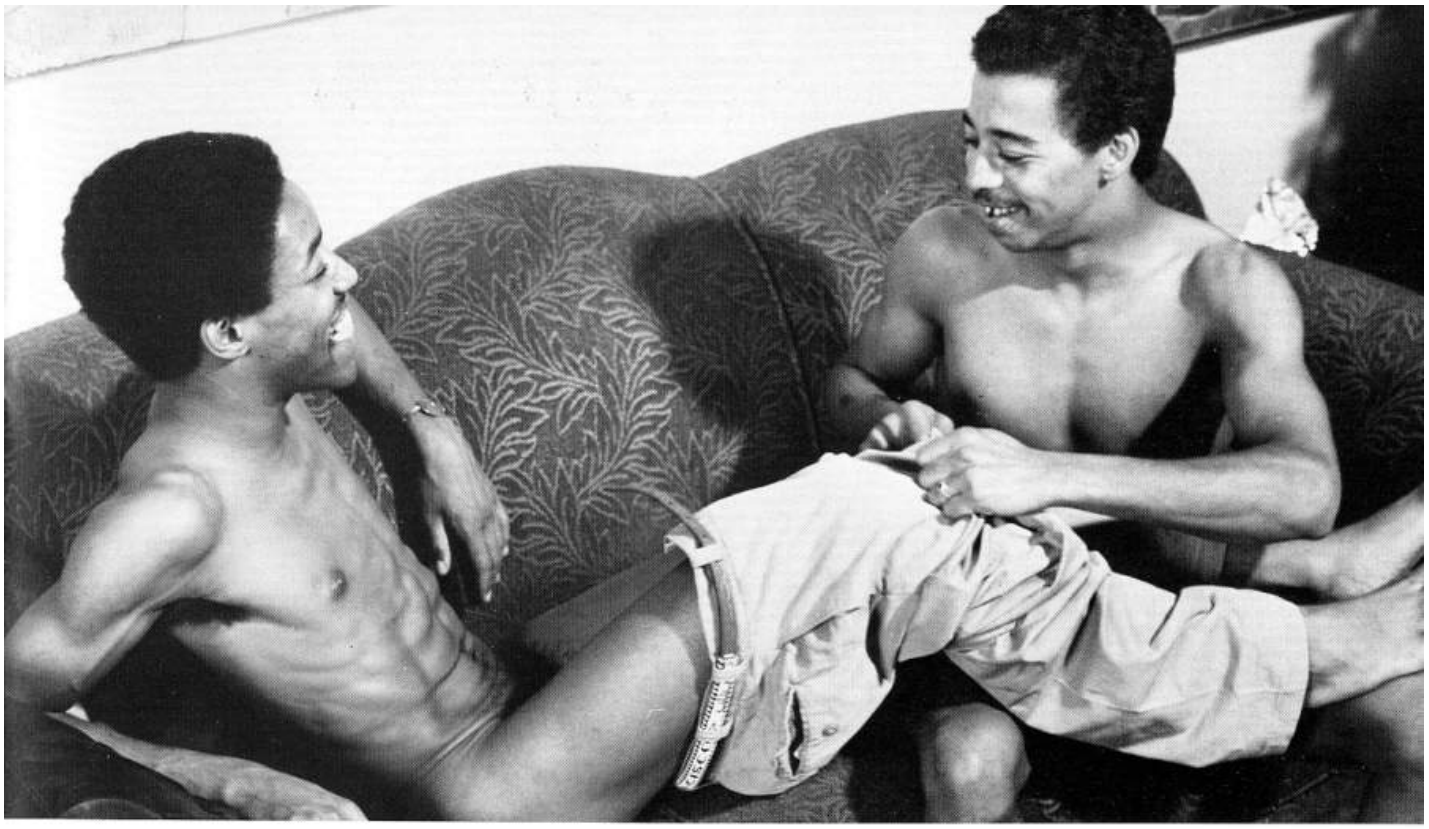


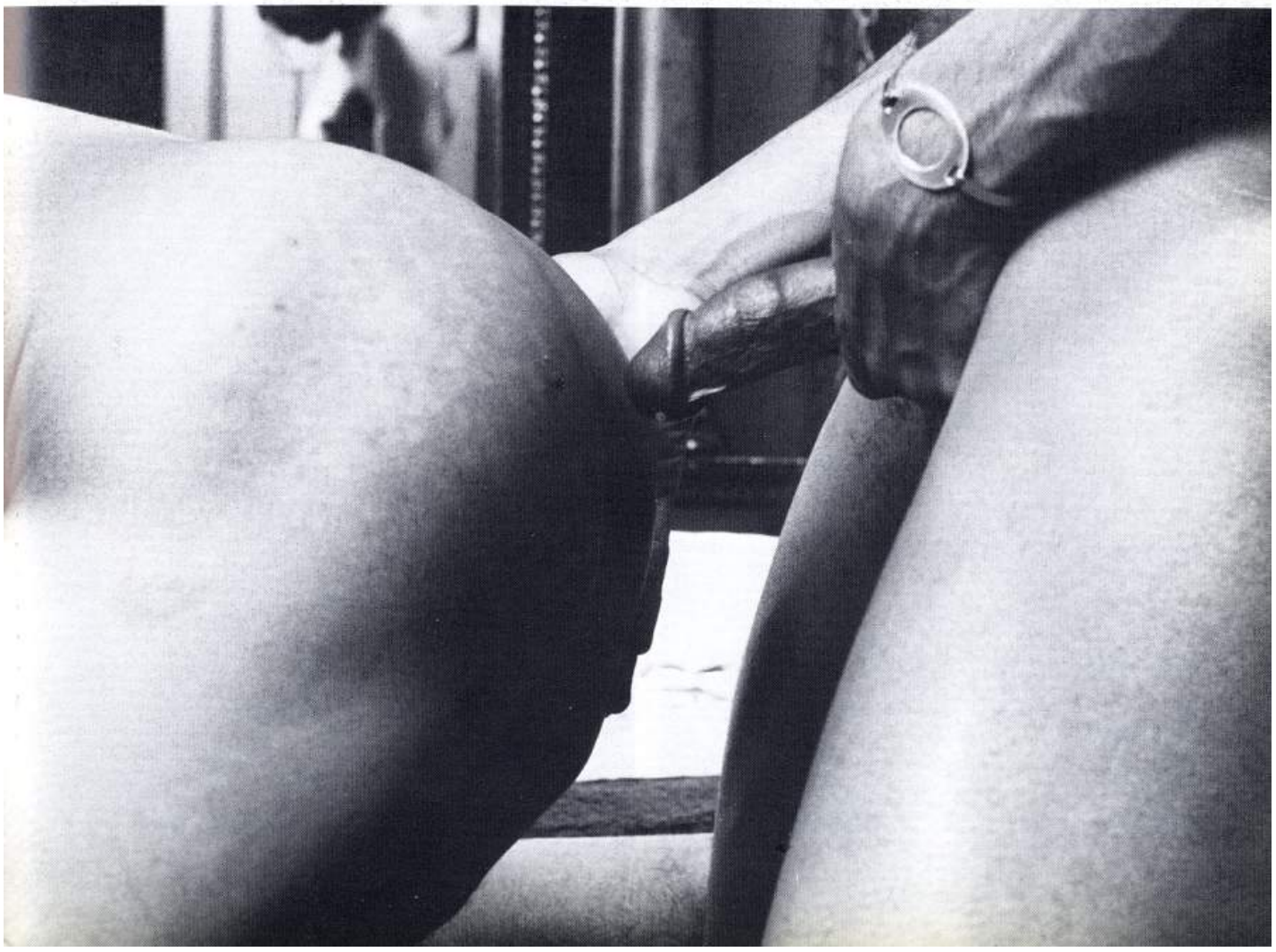
Then, his mouth opened and again he massaged my penis with his tender mouth. I felt an exciting feeling along the width of my expanding shaft. I wanted to call out. I felt about ready to burst. In a rush of thrills I came in his mouth and he greedily swallowed every creamy drop. I held my breath. I wanted to keep that feeling of bliss forever. I looked at Wendell then. I could not even stop to think, the blood in my head was roaring a message of love that made me reach out and clutch this smaller man to me. We cried as we kissed. I can no longer remember whether we undressed each other or disrobed ourselves, all I know is that I tried in my clumsy way to repay him for the happiness he had given me. Then once more it was my turn to be the fountain and Wendell brought me to a even higher feeling of heaven than before.



I remember dreaming that night that Socrates must have indeed been a wise man to have known such bliss. I was to awaken in Wendell's arms, for I had been unable to even think of getting home that night. I also remember the feeling of elation I had the next day in classes. The others, teachers and students, seemed puzzled that the sullen scowl was gone from my face. All I knew was that I had someone at last. I was no longer alone. I must have thanked all the stars in heaven for having found where I belonged, and that was with Wendell. No one objected when we moved in together. Our combined fortunes enabled us to move into a bigger apartment with more privacy. The landlady praised us for the very clean way we kept house.







For the rest of our years in college we lived together happily and Wendell always helped and encouraged me and I became quite seriously interested in the theater arts and would have never considered going on with it unless Wendell was there. There was no need to discuss future plans when we left college. Somehow we knew that whatever fate brought us, it would bring it to the two of us. When we graduated, we headed for Los Angeles and the movie industry . We found an old house near Hollywood and Vine. Wendell got a job and I went out to conquer. The only trouble was that the movie industry had little use for a college educated black actor. But, thanks to Wendell's encouragement I joined the union and landed a few bit parts.

It was a very frustrating life, and I needed the support of Wendell and the tender way he had of ministering to my sexual and emotional needs when I spent the day waiting in casting offices by day and coming home to his welcoming arms every night. In time I learned how to speak "jive-cat-style" which better suited the notions of casting directors as to how a black man should speak. I started playing pimps and detectives, (in different pictures, of course), and Wendell and I were able to move out of that dump.

Some casting agents made passes, but I knew that none of them would have been able to make me as happy as Wendell was able to do so easily. Some nights we experimented, new positions, new lotions and jellies, and even some really wild ticklers. Wendell willingly took my hard shaft as it thrust into his tight rear hole which was all greased up with the latest in erotic oils. His firmly built rear jerked and squeezed at every thrust. I would bend over his with my cock buried deep in his ass and reach around so that I could play with his big, stiff prick. Almost always we would come together. The only time we didn't was when one or the other of us would hold back so we could do it in another position. He would often wake me up in the morning by sucking my cock while he ran his finger in and out of my ass very slowly until I simply couldn't stand it and then I would let fly with the thickest and longest come imaginable!

Of course, we discussed the possibility of adding a third party to our sex, but in the end we always would decide that we both had enough to keep us happy with one another. After such talks, our sex would be even wilder than before, sometimes lasting all night. Both of us would be able to get erections just a few minutes after our last come and off we would go again! Wendell brought home a vibrator and we would use it up each others ass while we did a sixty-nine cock sucking number . . . boy, were the orgasms wild! Both of us would moan and yelp with ecstacy so that it was a good thing that we lived in a house with no neighbors close by. I invented a really far-out way of fucking Wendell in the ass. We suspended some straps from the ceiling and he hung there with his ass hanging down just a few inches from the bed and I would lie there and he would spin around on my erect prick until we were both dizzy with pleasure.

Then the beginning of the end came, I went to Japan to make a picture and Wendell couldn't come with me. I was so alone there and very unhappy. The weeks dragged on and I became even more morose, so when the assistant director made a pass I accepted. He reminded me alot of Wendell and for a moment I forgot how lonely I was. But when I got back Wendell took one look at me and he knew! He wouldn't touch me that night and the next morning he was gone. I have tried to go on, but all I can think of is that first night when we read Socrates who was blamed for ill-treating the friends who loved him.

Wendell who was so dear to me, where are you now? All I can remember is that sweet little fellow and all the faith he had in me and all the times he pulled me through tough times, both emotionally and financially. I find life without him a bitter fruit. I feel all alone and empty. Sometimes I don't want to go on, I would end it all except I always have hope that I will be able to find Wendell somewhere and convince him that he is the only one that I have ever truely loved.